NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Whatever does not stand with credit does not stand long. That is an axiom of Burke, and we shall look confidently to seeing it exemplified in the case of the Insurance Act. Of credit this Act has, perhaps, the least that any novel Parliamentary measure ever possessed. From its inception in the asylum of Mr. Lloyd George’s mind to its last corrupting influence on the common honour and honesty of the medical profession, its course has been prepared by lies, and is now marked by slanders. Speaking at the National Liberal Club on Friday last, Mr. Lloyd George was naive enough in his Welsh way to pride himself and to congratulate his party on the superiority of their capacities for lying. The opponents of the Bill, he said, were poor liars and their fibbing was infantile. They will accept this reversion, he said, of the wretched Unionists’ word solemnly sought to release themselves from the moral discredit of their pusillanimity. Not all the formalities of a conference and a subsequent vote, however, can alter the effect their weakness has produced upon the prestige of their profession. A handful of doctors, numbering some forty, have, it is true, resisted to the last and will continue their resistance; and what credit still remains in their caste will be due to them; but the profession as a whole, of doctors as a body, is it safe to say that their credit is reduced to the level of old-time leeches and modern patent medicine quacks. Any honourable man may now, with impunity, write and speak of doctors in the tone hitherto employed of proprietors of bucket-shops. By an overwhelming majority they have declared themselves careless of the honour of their profession, careless of the methods imposed on them by their art, careless of their pledged word, and careful, last of all, of the welfare of fifteen million poor patients. A profession of acknowledged blacklegs deserves scarcely to be called a profession any longer. Subject, as it has proved itself to be, to being bought and sold by a vulgar little Welsh solicitor with so much contempt for them that he never even consulted them before selling them, the medical profession is now in the gutter. And it will take a good many years, and many deeds of heroic sacrifice to lift them out again.

It may be asked what the doctors could have done in the situation in which they found themselves, both on the occasion of the stampede to the panels and on Saturday when the doctors who had broken their pledged word solemnly sought to release themselves from the moral discredit of their pusillanimity. Not all the formalities of a conference and a subsequent vote, however, can alter the effect their weakness has produced upon the prestige of their profession. A handful of doctors, numbering some forty, have, it is true, resisted to the last and will continue their resistance; and what credit still remains in their caste will be due to them; but the profession as a whole, of doctors as a body, is it safe to say that their credit is reduced to the level of old-time leeches and modern patent medicine quacks. Any honourable man may now, with impunity, write and speak of doctors in the tone hitherto employed of proprietors of bucket-shops. By an overwhelming majority they have declared themselves careless of the honour of their profession, careless of the methods imposed on them by their art, careless of their pledged word, and careful, last of all, of the welfare of fifteen million poor patients. A profession of acknowledged blacklegs deserves scarcely to be called a profession any longer. Subject, as it has proved itself to be, to being bought and sold by a vulgar little Welsh solicitor with so much contempt for them that he never even consulted them before selling them, the medical profession is now in the gutter. And it will take a good many years, and many deeds of heroic sacrifice to lift them out again.
danger that the panels could be filled without doctors, greed pure and simple. There was not the smallest work before falling ill. In short, the doctors, as one or that patients would wait for the Insurance Act to like gentlemen—we will not even say like strategists—of their predecessors did, held Mr. Lloyd George’s de- pledged “or breaking up the British Medical Association. further dilemma arose of releasing them from their pledge or breaking up the British Medical Association. Both courses appeared equally repugnant, or there would have been no dilemma in the case. But, it does not follow that, because both were presented, either was inevitable. On the contrary, a moment of genius was all that was necessary to suggest a third and attractive course that would have escaped the dilemma altogether. Even as the dilemma stood, however, a plain consideration of the remote issues of the two alternatives would have convinced reasonable men that the course of absolution was the worse course. Was it a question, as the “Times” put it, of releasing the suggestion of splitting the Association? Very well, suppose the release had been refused and the Association had in consequence been split, what would have been the after effects? The immediate effects, it is plain, would have been not more disastrous, but not less so, in our opinion, than both the immediate and remote effects of the other course. On the other hand, its secondary and subsequent effects would, we think, have been far from disastrous. The Association, though possibly divided in numbers, would have remained integral in spirit, which it is not now. The blacklegs on the panels would, further, have had every stimulus to recovering their self-respect by a transformation of the conditions of their service minority would, no doubt, have, constituted themselves by their action most formidable exemplary critics of the whole Act, and as a nucleus for its amendment they would have attracted to themselves all the force that honour still preserves in England.

But, as we have suggested, on both occasions the dilemma might and should have been ingeniously avoided. The dilemma of the panels was in truth, as we have seen, only an apparent dilemma, for nothing but the agreement splitting the Association? Very well, suppose the release had been refused and the Association had in consequence been split, what would have been the after effects? The immediate effects, it is plain, would have been not more disastrous, but not less so, in our opinion, than both the immediate and remote effects of the other course. On the other hand, its secondary and subsequent effects would, we think, have been far from disastrous. The Association, though possibly divided in numbers, would have remained integral in spirit, which it is not now. The blacklegs on the panels would, further, have had every stimulus to recovering their self-respect by a transformation of the conditions of their service minority would, no doubt, have, constituted themselves by their action most formidable exemplary critics of the whole Act, and as a nucleus for its amendment they would have attracted to themselves all the force that honour still preserves in England.

The coming week will provide newspaper readers and a few women with a mild sensation in the form of Parliamentary debates on the subject of Women’s Suffrage. The “Times” argues that the most important reason for restricting the franchise to women is the proposition that there has never been the subject of an election. This reason, however, is hopelessly out of date in these days of Liberal deci- sion and of no Opposition. A precious lot Mr. Lloyd George cared that the Insurrection had not been before the country. If the absence of electoral warrant for Women’s Suffrage were the chief argument against it, the measure would positively commend itself to the party now in power. We gave our reasons some weeks ago for hoping that Women’s Suffrage would never be conceded in this country, whatever backwood States of America or decadent Norway and Finland might do; and in the following notes we shall confine ourselves mainly to the consideration of the political issues of the coming discussion. Of the four amendments, successively diminishing in impor- tance, which concern Women’s Suffrage, the first or Grey amendment practically operates the Parliamentary vote to women, while the remaining three admit women in millions, twelve, six, and one only. The question to be decided is which, if any, of the four amendments are to be passed. Several theoretically possible alternatives may, we think, be ruled out without discussion. It is improbable, in the House of Commons should accept either the second or the third amendment, the one enfranchising a majority of women and the other enfranchising the wives of the existing married male electors and thereby doubling the household vote. The former would make, we firmly believe, the immediate effect of inducing men either to give up electoral politics altogether or to gerrymander the polls; for the bare possibility of men being outvoted in political matters by women would provoke despa- ration or corruption. The latter of the two improbable amendments would lead to, or at least imply, anomalies of no less serious a character. The admission of wives to the civic franchise is, and must always be, a contradiction of the very spirit of the English constitution. Even women suffragists who have advocated the woman vote for politics must see that the unit of the State is the individual and that, as such, a family is, and ought to be, the equivalent of one individual and of one only. In accepting the possibilities of the household vote for politics must see that the unit of the State is the individual and that, as such, a family is, and ought to be, the equivalent of one individual and of one only. In accepting the possibilities of the household vote for politics must see that the unit of the State is the individual and that, as such, a family is, and ought to be, the equivalent of one individual and of one only. In accepting the possibilities of the household vote for politics must see that the unit of the State is the individual and that, as such, a family is, and ought to be, the equivalent of one individual and of one only.
always, it appears to us, be civically represented by her husband. To enfranchise her would, in fact, be to put the single individual at a disadvantage; for it would be counting a family as two when in fact it is only one. The amendment, however, as we say, is improbable, though on other grounds. For we may be certain that Parliament will not, apart from theory, enfranchise six million women all at once.

Ruling out amendments two and three there remain those that are alternated in regard to amendments one and four: to pass both; to pass the first and not the last; to pass neither. If the first or Grey amendment is passed there will be a subsequent discussion of amendment four, conferring the municipal franchise on a million women. If, however, the Grey amendment is not passed, all the subsequent amendments fall to the ground. The interest will centre, therefore, first on the Grey amendment and, if that should be carried, secondly, on the fourth amendment. Only if the Grey amendment were not carried or the discussion closed on the first debate. It follows from all this that those who desire never to see women voting in this country should assist in every possible way the defeat of the Grey amendment, and this for several reasons. It is true, of course, that unless the Grey amendment is carried, the remaining amendments cannot be discussed or defeated in detail; and, from this point of view, it is urged that it would not be fair to shirk and burke discussion by refusing to open the door at least by the Grey amendment, and, in the first place, men have most unfortunately been, in our recollection, a dubious example or weapon of charm (no disgraceful weapon either, but a temporary misfit of society, abandon a whole principle. But, in the first place, men have that vote is to better the economic status of women she is simply expressing her ignorance of the most recent history. As the political status of men wage-slaves has gone up their economic status has gone down.

But, in truth, we have suggested, it is not upon reason that women have been taught by the calamitous Pankhursts to rely; nor is it upon their ancient natural weapon of charm (no disgraceful weapon either, but a divine gift common to women, artists, children and saints); it is upon force. And such force! We are told that militancy in as yet unheard-of forms will follow on the defeat of the present amendments. We can, unfortunately, well believe it; but what we cannot believe is that all the militancy at the disposal of all the Suffragists will have the smallest effect towards procuring them the vote. Men who have faced battle, murder and sudden death in causes they knew to be wrong are not afraid of women's militancy in a cause they believe to be right. We will not hypocritically pretend to deplore militancy on the ground that it injures the women's cause; for, in truth, it has with men no effect whatever. It is deplorable, but only as wasted energy is deplorable. We would positively as soon enfranchise criminal lunatics as enfranchise women to legislate in sex affairs. Of pious wishes let Mrs. Pankhurst's latitude be for the benefaction of the annual example. It is, she says, 'to better the economic status of women.' But how, in Heaven's name, are women to better their economic status by the vote when seven million men have failed after fifty years in bettering theirs by the same means? The first amendment that women are theoretically entitled to the vote, and afterwards, by defeating the fourth amendment, to deny the practical title even to the smallest number of done, 'were well it were done quickly; and a great deal of suspense will be spared by the absolute denial of the right at the very outset of the proceedings. Moreover, the principle is serious not only for the coming week, but for all time, if the Grey amendment is passed. The admission of the theoretical right of women to the vote would, even if it were followed by the defeat of the last and smallest amendment, invite the women to show that their status, whether of women's militancy in a cause they believe to be right, or men's need to take the plunge and to enfranchise enough women to justify the admission of the principle.

We are discussing the matter, we would have our readers notice, from a political point of view entirely; and it is manifest to every publicist that this is the aspect which the misguided women of the W.S.P.U. and other bodies specifically prefer. It was open to them to show by argument that their demand for a vote was compatible with the best interests of the community; it was open to them to convince, not men merely, but minds, that the accession of women to political life would mean no loss to women and a gain to men; it was open to them to show that their status would be raised by the vote and without any degradation of the status of men; lastly, it was open to them to show that economically, politically, and morally the vote was desirable in their interests as women as well as desirable in the interest of the nation. But not one of these things, so far as we have examined their literature, has been attempted by all the Suffragists or by any Suffragist with anything like the seriousness which mind (again we do not say men) demands in the discussion of such a subject. The reasons advanced have been trumpery, either in their economics or in their sentimentality. Not one of them, that we have seen, hold water for a single instant. We ourselves admit that one class of women, as things are in the case of the class of unmarried or widowed women who are economically independent; but even this class we hope to see one day abolished, and we would not, for a temporary misfit of society, abandon a whole principle. But the professional Suffragists, or those who vote otherwise by no argument, do not even use the argument of temporary expediency. It is the principle for which they contend and it is precisely the principle that they have failed to prove. What they have offered by way of evidence for their demands (and even this is offered grudgingly, as if mind had no claim on proof) has always been, in our recollection, a dubious example or a pious wish. We want, they say, for example, to put an end to the White Slave traffic; and men will not do it. But, in the first place, men have that vote is to better the economic status of women she is simply expressing her ignorance of the most recent history. As the political status of men wage-slaves has gone up their economic status has gone down.

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Current Cant.

Lady Sybil writes for profit as well as for pleasure, just as she breeds dogs. — "London Mail."

"The bray of Socialism continues. . . ."— "Vanoc."

"Flogging for drunkards was advocated by Dr. Miller in a lecture at the Medical Society. — "News and Leader."

"The mere fact that there is so much golf being played proves that this is not an age of hurry."— Arnold Bennett.

"Following the Old Age Pension Act, the Insurance Act will help to drive fear out of the land. It will help to make of us one people. . . ."— Jerome K. Jerome.

"It is a shame to say that a man cannot afford to be poor in London. "— "The Standard."

"The Prince's university career will probably conclude next June, and the talk of his marriage will probably come before the public. We should all welcome Princess Marie's pretty daughter." — Mrs. Bull.

"The Insurance Act marks an epoch in the progress of social reform, and by its message of hope to the workers proves that this is not an age of hurry."— Sarah Bennett.

"In the closing of the Thames ironworks, which has thrown more than 1,000 men out of employment, furnishes a new life to the nation."— Sarah Grand.

"It is wrong to give the people the idea that they have a right to be poor, and a just claim upon the sympathies of the community. Poverty is more easily bearable by lessons in thrift . . . ."— "The Standard."


Sir George Alexander has at last consented to make his appearance on the variety stage. — "Daily Mail."

"Lloyd George's talk flashes from grave to gay with swift prismatic changes—now a snatch of a sermon, then a phrase of Welsh poetry, now a joke, then a story, and if you are very lucky, he will give you a bigger song."— A. G. Gardner.

"Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie is a poet who shares with Mr. Masefield the honour of helping to bring poetry out of the literary studio into the free air of life."— James Douglas.

CURRENT CUPS.

"Baron de Forest has promised a silver cup to each of the babies born to insured parents."— "Daily Chronicle."

CURRENT SENSE.

"In comparison with some of the great actors whose methods I have known I am convinced that the young actors of to-day are not being trained in the way to produce good Shakespearean or poetic acting of any kind."— William Pott.

"The Church will never do its work until it is hated and abused by all the devils who grow rich on sweated labour."— Rev. A. J. Waldron.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdud.

It is no wonder that the general public has ceased to take any active interest in the peace negotiations. There have been so many assurances that the Conferences would be broken up, and so many counter-assertions that they would not, that mere laymen may well be excused for showing signs of weariness and apathy. Once again I will sum up the position as briefly as possible.

The Turkish Delegates realised clearly enough that they had a good deal to contend against in England ever since the signing of the Armistice. In appearance the forces they were numerically between them had fallen back almost to the outskirts of Constantinople, and the Turkish armies in the West had, to judge from the surface of things, been disastrously defeated. The public felt that all the talk of bringing up more men from Asia Minor was largely bluff; if, or if not bluff, then simply the attempt of a defeated country to make the best of things so as to secure as favourable terms as possible. Now, this was not merely the public view; it was the view of many of the Foreign Offices. I may as well be definite and say that it was now the view of the Foreign Offices of England, France, Italy, and Russia; it was not the view of the Foreign Offices in Berlin and Vienna, even though the information supplied to the latter two was not particularly accurate.

In addition to this superficial aspect of the situation, there was the sentimental aspect, which must always be taken into consideration where a section of the English public is concerned. I do not wish to imply that this section is numerous; but it is undoubtedly influential, and it has powerful representatives on the Press and in Parliament. This sentimental section proceeded to put forward the sentimental view: viz., that the Allies were Crusaders, that they had achieved a prodigious result in behalf of religion, and that it was now the duty of Great Britain, as a Christian Power, to see that the territories which the Allies had overrun did not get back into the control of the Moslems. The Turks, then, appeared to England—and, to some extent, to France and Russia also, to be under a cloud. They had sinned against Christians; they had been defeated; they should suffer accordingly.

Fortunately for the world at large, the Turks, being representative Easterners, are among the last men to be carried away by superficial appearances. They were prepared to make concessions; but they never forgot that their defeat was a defeat in appearance only, and not a military defeat; and they, determined that Europe should come to recognise this standpoint. Europe has come to do so; but not as a result of anything that has been done by the Triple Entente. It was the Triple Alliance which recognised first of all that the Allies, though they had done well, had not done quite well enough to justify the claims they had put forward. In consequence of this, I learn, Germany has firmly refused to accede to certain demands, or rather suggestions, put forward by the representatives of the Triple Entente at the Conference of Ambassadors. The main point of difference is this: Germany has absolutely refused to take part in a naval demonstration at Constantinople with a view to urging the Turks to surrender Adrianople to the Allies. Further, she has intimated, in polite though diplomatically unmistakable terms, that any such move on the part of other European Powers would meet with her strong disapproval. But the Triple Entente Powers hope that the Turks may be induced to surrender Adrianople "without violence."
write, indeed, the Note has not yet been presented, and it should have been presented on January 13.

There have been two further hitches. One concerns the relations between Bulgaria and Roumania, the other the relations among the Allies themselves. In the first case, the Roumanian Minister of the Interior, M. Take Jonescu, has just succeeded in impressing another fact on the somewhat slow-witted European diplomats who have been discussing the situation, viz., that Bulgaria owes a debt to Roumania, for, if the latter country had not remained strictly neutral during the war, and even during the period of the armistice, the lot of the former would have been very different. In principle, Bulgaria has now admitted that Roumania is entitled to compensation of some sort; and the ground of this question will be concentrated upon the exact amount of territory which Bulgaria shall cede.

The most important point under discussion, however, and the point which has caused a considerable amount of friction all along, is the question of the future ownership of Salonika. There was a time, about a fortnight or three weeks ago, when Bulgaria had practically decided that Greece should have Salonika for the time being—should have, in fact, until the Bulgarian Government managed to form an alliance with the Porte and conquer the Greek garrison which presumably would be established there. But in the course of the last few days the attitude of the Bulgarians has changed. They now prefer to stick to Salonika themselves, since it is the only district of strategical value which they are likely to obtain from the war. Then there is the question of Skutari. Austria has declared positively, and repeated her declaration, that Skutari shall be the capital of the new Albania, if a new Albania is to be formed. The Montenegrins went to war to secure Skutari for themselves. The other partners in the alliance had promised the town to them. Now, if Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece now throw him overboard. But that is precisely what these three countries think they will have to do, for they can think of no alternative. They are not willing to oppose the commands of Austria, backed, as she is, by Germany and by Italy.

These items apart, it is, I know, difficult to get the Allies' representatives to listen to reasonable suggestions from European sources at the present moment. It was my duty, and my misfortune, also, I might add, to come into contact with one or two of them in the course of last week. They all represent the country in at least one respect, namely, by suffering in-...
old professional armies frequently stood up to the test of expenditures, with the exception of certain cases, a whole, reached even twenty-five per cent. without the breaking of heart. Here again, if we take the percentage of loss per hour, the disproportion becomes greater still. The professional type of army was abandoned on the Continent by reason of certain defects, among which was a certain inability to breed efficient officers in the higher ranks, which, again, was due to the intellectual decay that inevitably follows alienation in sympathy from the bulk of the nation. It was also found impossible for the mercenary type of army to gain the confidence of the citizenry, since in the case of the army had to be paid and in the other they had not. These two defects combined were unjustly held to outweigh any advantages arising from the superior skill and fighting capacity of the professional troops. But nobody, particularly of military adventure, which exists to a greater extent there, do not convince him of the inferiority of the two-regiment. And history shows that deeds just as superb of men as the act of giving of ten thousand dollars to the poor. Nine-tenths of the men who enlist in professional armies, even in its last decade (at Jena, seven years before). * * *

I advise Mr. Seccombe to cast into the fire those pamphlets of the National Service League which have evidently been formed for his benefit, and to study Otto Berndt's "Die Zahl im Kriege." If the statistics there do not convince him of the inferiority of the two-year conscript to the twenty-year professional soldier from the purely loss-bearing point of view, he can go on to Meckel's "Sommerfeld Traum" or Heise's "Deutsche Bucher" with their candid accounts of the utter demoralisation of the Prussian conscripts in the opening battles of 1870. The explanation of war will not help us here, for a hundred years before and under the second Frederick these North Germans accepted losses three and four times as great, and never turned a hair. * * *

Here again the effect has arisen from a careless assumption, viz., that the professional is paid and the conscript is not, people have carelessly assumed that the first fights for money and the second fights for honour. But here again it isn't the case. No man ever really fought for money, for the simple reason that no amount of wages that any government could afford to pay will ever repay a man adequately for risking his life. Nine-tenths of the men who enlist in professional forces at times other than those of great patriotic enthusiasm enlist from that love of adventure, and especially of military adventure, which exists to a greater or less degree in all men. If there is a coincidence between the fluctuation of the recruiting statistics and those of economic depression—a coincidence which is happily true in the case of a long period—it does not prove that men enlist for beer, bread, and baccy, as the economists do falsely assert, but that unemployment or bad employment cause a man to reflect seriously upon the possibility of gratifying an impulse which, if he were afraid of losing a good job, he would repress altogether, or attempt to satisfy by joining the Territorials. Does anyone maintain that French officers are less courageous than the French rank and file because the officers are paid and the rank and file are not? * * *

It may then be asked, for what does the mercenary fight, since in a good many cases patriotism will not explain his courage, as he is fighting for a foreign land? British troops, for example, are fighting for Britain, whereas the rank and file of the men of the Foreign Legion up to that they should die to the last man for France, as they have done on innumerable occasions? The answer is that in cases such as the last, where patriotism is out of the question, the mercenary fights from esprit de corps. He dies for his regiment. And history shows that deeds just as superb have been performed for the regiment as for the fatherland. Such homeless, landless men will make the regiment their home, under the necessity of the very narrowness of their ideal withstand and fight longer than the com-

script, who thinks of the nation first and of the regiment only second. Says the mercenary "The regiment is the only thing I have on earth. If it goes down I go down too, for with it all my hopes and ambitions perish." Says the conscript, "I will bolt, for, after all, if the regiment does end up here there is my country left, and my wife, my children, and my home. I can return and fight for them another day." The mercenary system has, therefore, its advantages. It does make good regiments. But it makes bad armies. Esprit de corps is too narrow a thing to generate that healthy mental life which is requisite for the breeding of good generals, and can only exist when the army is in touch with the life of the people. And again, by its very nature it is opposed to that further-seeing attitude which subordinates the good of the regiment to that of the army and the nation at large. It is rarely that the commander of a mercenary army dares take that step of sacrificing one unit to secure the victory of the rest, which must, nevertheless, be taken if battles are to be won. His troops are afflicted with a military sectarianism which prevents their rising to the occasion. In fact, the defects of the professional army are those which characterise sectarianism in religion also. It purchases an exaggerated efficiency of the part at the expense of the whole. * * *

Of course, in professional armies like our own, where patriotism is added to regimental and professional spirit these defects are obviated to a large extent. However, that is another tale. I have said enough to show that if we are to adopt a National Army it will be on very different grounds from those advanced by Mr. Thomas Seccombe.

** Guild Socialism—X. **

** Brains and the Guild. **

When on the verge of any great social or economic change men inquire anxiously how the more precious element of society will persist or even exist, the doubts and questions thus raised are half instinctive. The problem of the inventor, dealt with in our last chapter, is instinctively felt to be vital, because we all consciously or sub-consciously know that our civilisation largely depends upon the conquest of nature by science and its hand-maiden mechanics. Machinery has already supplanted slave labour in the Occident; and, just as machinery has superseded slavery, so more perfect machinery is destined to destroy wagery. It is, therefore, natural that men should be sure that a re-formation of society should tend to develop and not to retard production of wealth. So far as the inventor is concerned, (a) that almost universally the products of his labour are social products, the inevitable developments of discoveries and inventions that have gone before; (b) that under the existing system the inventor is as a general rule harshly treated and too often deliberately robbed of his commercial rewards; (c) that the social consciousness and instinctive sense of safety will, through the Guild organisation of society, be more strongly motivated and better equipped to develop the inventive genius of the nation.

Remains then a cognate question: How will brains thrive and be rewarded under Guild control of industry? In this chapter we explicitly confine ourselves to that particular form of brains, the practical or practical man. In our chapters on education we shall touch the deeper problems of cultural development—the creation of that atmosphere that breeds spiritual and intellectual perception. Education under private capitalism, as we have seen, is a caricature, a mere grotesque through which no soul can shine. When, however, the average man asks how brains will be treated by the Guilds, he does not mean (probably does not care) how Will culture fare, but rather how will the present "brainy" man have full scope for his particular faculties.
It is relevant first to inquire how this "brainy" man is treated to-day, just as it is too readily assumed that the inventor thrives under private capitalism, so, also, it is superficially held that to-day "brains" are bound to succeed. But is it so in fact? In a previous chapter we mentioned the will of the late Sir Edward Sassoon, who handed over to his strapping son the complete management of the family business, thereby irrevocably shutting out those faithful servants who had intelligently administered the affairs of this old-established firm. Exclusion from this final reward of faithful and intelligent service is such a commonplace under private capitalism that, save our own, there was probably no comment made upon this will, the provisions of which were regarded as just and proper. It is when a successful man wills a share in his business to his employees that public note is taken of so unusual an event, and the comment generally made is that the deceased was a man of unusual generosity. It occurs to nobody that such an action is essentially just. Public opinion, therefore, would seem to hold that "brains" are hereditary; that the inexperienced youth inherits not only his father's wealth, but his sire's business aptitudes. Those who are familiar with the inner workings of our industrial and commercial machinery laugh at such a preposterous notion. Rugby, Oxford, and the racecourse do not constitute an adequate or efficient business training. But the building up of a large estate is only the preliminary step in the building up of a family. In this first regard the Christian and Jewish ethic is ranged with capitalist ambition. "The family is the unit of the State," cry preachers and profiteers in harmony. "Therefore it is right that the accumulations of the father and the mother, where these accumulations were secured should be vested in the children." It was, mutatis mutandis, this consideration that led to the law and practice of primogeniture. And since it jumps with the conscience of the British middle-classes, the system obtains. But it is useless to claim at the same time that it gives to "brains" their adequate reward.

A few months ago a man died leaving several millions sterling. He was indebted for a large part of this fortune to his private secretary, an extremely able and faithful man. His salary was £1,000 a year. On the death of his employer this man was thrown out of employment and is still seeking employment. It would be easy to trace the origin of large fortunes to men of brains and character who benefited little or nothing. Thousands of similar significant instances—that brains suited to his requirements, the private capitalist pursues his predatory path indifferent to the reward of brains—effectually precludes and designedly proscribes the "business" brain. If ever there was one. Starting inland from Colon, the army of workers found themselves struggling through swampy, tropical country, infected with mosquitos, some of which bred yellow fever and others malaria. They had to locate the true bed of the river Chagres and the indeterminate boundaries of Lake Gatun. Moving towards Panama, they came to a group of mountains, the beginning of that marvellous Andean range. They were to cut a deep canal through the Culebra valley—"the problems of infinite space and shovelling work, including three huge locks—before reaching Panama and the Pacific. The tragic ending of that company, submerging as it did one French ministry after another (indeed, the Republic itself reeled under the blow) is now a matter of history. The basic fact is that the undertaking was too great for the "business" brain. Questions arose every day in which the business brain could not cope questions of public policy for it suddenly called into existence a new population with the thousand and one problems that grow out of it, public health, sanitation, police, housing, water, light, food, transport; problems of government and of relations with the Government of the Colombian Republic; international difficulties, sometimes of finance, sometimes of national interests affected. In short, the task was too heavy, even for De Lesseps or fifty other men like him. Scandals and maladministration there may have been, but there is no one who would say that the French did not put their backs to the ground and realised the weight of the burden borne by De Lesseps who will not think kindly of this old man. But it was a failure—the failure of the business man who proudly vaunts himself that society cannot manage its material affairs without the aid of the business brain. After spending £50,000,000, what had De Lesseps to show for his work? He had excavated 80,000,000 cubic yards at a cost of £24,000,000; he had purchased the Panama Railway at a cost of £3,500,000—about twice its value—and the rest was spent on machinery, such as locomotives, dredges, and similar gear. But he had utterly failed. Literally he had not accomplished a quarter of his task. The failure of business brains!

Now let us tell the sequel. In 1889 came the Panama Canal Company. In 1894 a new French company was organised. It continued the work spasmodically until 1904, when the whole undertaking was taken over by the American Government. Fifty million sterling had from the beginning been spent; the American Government bought the assets for £8,000,000. So much for modern capitalism! Clearly better brains were needed.

Now if an English or American firm were given the contract to construct this canal, it is certain they would not be content to do it for a profit of less than £5,000,000, to be divided between their directors and shareholders. But we have seen that, to deal with the wrench and secretories of profit, profiteering was impossible. Clearly it was a Government affair. The element of profit (so far as the actual construction was concerned) was accordingly eliminated. Exit the most cherished principle of profiteering and enter one of the
fundamental principles of Guild organisation. No profit! Astounding!

Please remember, however, that we are in this chapter concerned with brains. If profits were to be eliminated, or at least the master-wages to be adequately rewarded for thus successfully encompassing the most stupendous engineering feat the world has yet witnessed? At this point we touch one of the world's great ambitions, that of the Isthmian Canal Commission; actually was he presented with forty thousand pounds at the close of his last campaign a grateful nation voted him the an advance of four thousand a year. Observe carefully—not wages. His conduct is governed, not by wages, but by espirit de corps—a genuine Guild spirit, as we shall show. Are we not now approaching a new canon of reward for work done and duty faithfully accomplished? One more word, however, about this colonel. When the work is done will there not be some large financial reward? When Lord Roberts came home from his last campaign a grateful nation voted him the sum of £100,000. When Lord Kitchener came home he was presented with £60,000. Colonel Goshalls, for doing infinitely more valuable and fruitful work, came deferred to our next chapter.

The work done by the Isthmian Canal Commission (in some respects a Guild of white men) was profoundly interesting and significant. Consideration of this and the function of business brains under the Guilds must be deferred to our next chapter.

Politics in South Africa.

The average Englishman knows very little about South African politics. Recent happenings and the Botha-Hertzog incident, as interpreted by the Press, have given him the impression that the Boers have been stirring up racialism as a last resort, and that while in the army list and a reasonably prolonged leave of absence. Under capitalism the age of chivalry is dead; the Guild spirit will witness its resurrection.

The work done by the Isthmian Canal Commission (in some respects a Guild of white men) was profoundly interesting and significant. Consideration of this and the function of business brains under the Guilds must be deferred to our next chapter.

scribed as a "Government organ." This may not be altogether an unmixed evil, but it is a particular disability attaching to the predominant party in the Union, and reveals a situation so curious that it is no wonder English people are so singularly uninformed concerning the true state of affairs.

A brief résumé is necessary to show how matters stand to-day. First, as Premier of the Transvaal, and later of the Union of South Africa, General Botha has been faithful to his pledged policy of reconciliation. He enjoyed in a peculiar measure the confidence of the late King Edward, and it was because Mr. Balfour knew this from his Majesty himself that he frowned down the attempt of many pamphleteers to "split the Boers," and that General Election of 1910 to make capital out of the South African settlement. The Tories were angry with Balfour for calling them off the trail, but Balfour knew, and some of us knew, that the grand and beautiful story, and cannot be told now. Suffice it to say that Botha has never swerved from the path he set his feet in. Never a man over-strong physically, he has largely spent himself in the work of reconciling the warring elements in South Africa. The so-called "Unionist" Opposition in South Africa knew they could not attack his policy, and they were mortified when they found he could run his Government without their assistance. Alarmed at the signs of success attending his educational propaganda and government, Botha, as he knows, reconstructed his Cabinet, simply dropped out Hertzog, and people who know the "incident" don't know how to mend matters.

It is far from closed. When the next Session of the Union Parliament opens on the 24th inst., Botha will be faced by a situation which will try him to the utmost, and, unless I am uncommonly mistaken, he will hear a great deal more of South African politics in the near future than we now imagine, and Fleet Street will wonder how the "Unionists" themselves. The inevitable happened. Hertzog "hit back." He made a certain ill-considered speech. Botha was compelled to request its withdrawal or his resignation. Hertzog refused either. Then the situation was forced by Colonel Leuchars resigning, the whole Cabinet following as the only way out of the impasse. Botha, as we know, reconstructed his Cabinet, simply dropped out Hertzog, and people who know the "incident" don't know how to mend matters.

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gress" is via the saloon-bar and the unproductive columns of a capitalistic Press. Botha has tried patience with them, and hoped against hope. Hertzog is up against them, and hits back. Then they howl, and invoke the Spirit of the British Empire! Hertzog's idea of South Africa is not a dozen moral cess-pits like Johannesburg, a sweated white and black labour-market, and the usual concomitants of guns and bayonets. He and the bulk of the "Unionists" are as the poles asunder.

I unhesitatingly affirm that the present situation has been directly caused not by Hertzog, but by the wanton campaign recently engineered by the "Unionists." Newspaper oracles in this country, echoing the South African papers, are calling upon Botha to "cement his work" by inviting the co-operation of the very Englishmen who are the cause of all the bother! Botha, unless he parts with his political sanity, and strips himself of every shred of principle, will do nothing of the kind. It is unthinkable to those who know that hirpling party. Botha will never enter into an unholy alliance with the capitalist mining-ridden "Unionists." They think their chance is coming. They hope to force Hertzog into active opposition, and then drive a Jew's bargain with Botha when he finds himself hard pressed.

But the differences between Botha and Hertzog are not so acute as recent cables—from Johannesburg—would indicate. Hertzog is not the man to split his party and to give the victory to the men he detests. It must not be forgotten that South Africa is not familiar with politicians of the Chamberlain and Churchill type. Political differences are too sincere. But the Dutch have a wonderful and most enviable power of adjusting difficulties within their own ranks, and of surmounting difficulties which would disrupt any ordinary English party. Herein lies our hope that Botha will not merely lose his treasury and ride out the storm. In spite of this regrettable revival of racial feeling, of dissension in the Dutch ranks, the silver lining to the cloud can be seen. The older Boers are not all hopelessly unprogressive; they are beginning to grasp the drift of Botha's policy. Many of the older English residents, men who have given their best years and energies to the Colony, who are outside the deadly mining influence, are proud to call themselves South Africans. They accept one with Botha. His position is precarious but not desperate, and in the coming Session we shall follow with the keenest interest proceedings which will be big with consequences to South Africa and the Empire. But, meanwhile, England must wait a little longer for those battleships!  

L. C.

The Ballot Box a Farce.

[The present and a succeeding article are reprinted from a remarkable pamphlet written by the late Mr. W. K. Hall, and published in Glasgow in 1896. The writer was a self-educated working man who had passed through the illusions of his class with the rapidity of genius.]

My object in writing this is to assist in dispelling the popular delusion under which State Socialists are labouring with regard to the vote, as a means of emancipating the working classes from the domination of capital. Political differences are too sincere. But the Dutch have a wonderful and most enviable power of adjusting difficulties within their own ranks, and of surmounting difficulties which would disrupt any ordinary English party. Herein lies our hope that Botha will not merely lose his treasury and ride out the storm. In spite of this regrettable revival of racial feeling, of dissension in the Dutch ranks, the silver lining to the cloud can be seen. The older Boers are not all hopelessly unprogressive; they are beginning to grasp the drift of Botha's policy. Many of the older English residents, men who have given their best years and energies to the Colony, who are outside the deadly mining influence, are proud to call themselves South Africans. They accept one with Botha. His position is precarious but not desperate, and in the coming Session we shall follow with the keenest interest proceedings which will be big with consequences to South Africa and the Empire. But, meanwhile, England must wait a little longer for those battleships!  

L. C.
himself to another employer—perhaps a greater tyrant whom he does not know.

Having seen for what purpose Government exists, we proceed to examine the structure of the English Government. The Government is usually termed "mixed," because it is divided into three parts—namely, the Crown, the Lords, and the Commons. Before any organic change can be made in the institutions of the country, by legal and constitutional methods, it must receive the sanction of these three parts. The Crown and the Lords are hereditary—that is to say, of the three governing classes of the real nation, two exist independently of the electorate. From this it is self-evident that the Parliamentary system does not depend exclusively on the condition of the franchise. It is a mistake, and a great mistake, too, to imagine, as many politicians and labour leaders seem to imagine, that the Crown, the Lords, and the Commons are three different powers, and represent different interests; they are nothing more than three different manifestations of the same power—namely, property. There is no antagonism between these interests; they are identical in nature. Property is their basis.

In a monarchical country the throne is the first of private properties, and the occupant of the throne is always at the head of the Government. Next to the throne stands the House of Lords, which directly represents property—namely, landed property. It is not far from the truth to say that the basis of the legislative power of the Lords is their hereditary ownership of property. Certain it is that hereditary functions, as regards the political machine, could not long be sustained if they had not economic foundations to support them. In all ages the law-making classes have possessed the principal wealth of the community.

It is easy for a man who is excessively rich to become a peer, if he so desires. All he has to do is to supply one of the party organisations with money for electioneering purposes.

Thus, from whatever point of view we consider the English Government, it is perfectly clear that property is the primary source from which it proceeds, and gives an exclusive right to all the chief positions of the State. While on this part of the subject it is necessary to add a few further remarks to what has already been said, in order to show still more clearly that the property which oppresses the people is not political, but economic. In America, the Government being elective, there are no crowned kings and hereditary legislators to tax the people. There are oil kings, iron kings, and railway kings, who tax the people quite as much, if not more than crowned kings. They are as much to be despised as crowned kings, in regard to the political class; in a word, they are the dupes of these two capitalist parties can expect them to pursue the interest of workers in preference to their own.

(Note to be concluded.)

Notes on the Present Kalpa.

By J. M. Kennedy.

(9) Limits.

A correspondent, who wrote in The New Age of January 9, heaped abuse on religious systems, and boldly declared that the Turk would make no progress until he "emerged from Islam to principles and ethics laid down by natural philosophy and other exact sciences." He went on to say that the only path of true progress was defined by mathematically correct deductions, and that Islam, Christianity, etc., would survive only in so far as they can be reduced to so many philosophical systems, "to be used for science."

Alas! It is a common type of mind nowadays. Everything must be bracketed, put into pigeon-holes, classified. The imagination must be kept down; for it cannot be mathematically demonstrated. Neither can the soul; neither can poetry. There is a limit to the purpose of mathematics, just as there is a limit to the purpose of metaphysics. Both stop on the threshold of the soul; and that is a threshold which none but a poet, emphatically in the Greek sense, can cross. I spare myself the trouble of trying to show that no religious system which was really religious ever came out of the mathematically-minded. There are minds which are insusceptible to the influence of the imagination, of all the higher emotions. Nothing noble can be proved. There is a demand on our faith, on our imagination. We believe in the spiritual, or we do not; we believe there is something higher than mind (in its usual sense of brain) and body, or we do not of a True, even in the region of the soul itself there is a higher and a lower. But the distinction between the spiritual aspects of Buddhism, say, and Mohammedanism is trifling, considering the distance between the believer in Mohammedanism and the believer in nothing at all. It is simply the difference between degree and kind.

The whole tendency of the age is against imagination. There is a constant clamour for facts, for proofs, for demonstrations. Not satisfied with direct proofs, we go further. We have invented a modern thing and a modern name for it: circumstantial evidence. This
thing called imagination, it would appear, is dangerous. It may hurt, destroy, or just walk out; or, one of the other abstractions, the proofs of which, apparently, are taken for granted. Develop the demonstrative faculties and curb the imaginative: such is the inexorable command of modernity to her children. And the children perforce obey; at least, the majority of them do. Some of them will prove to you quite satisfactorily that Buddha must have been born in the fifth century B.C., and others will prove, just as satisfactorily, that he was never born at all—as if either the merely physical event mattered to those who hold the faith. Short-sighted creatures, these children of heroes because the North Pole has at last been discovered and there is no more sea; they will stake the existence of Christianity on the existence of Christ. If there is one thing more than another which we cannot make the moderns understand is the untrammelled imagination was at once disciplined and untrammelled; we are told that he was strong enough to hold up a mountain. The powers of Indra, again, are anything but vaguely set forth in the Rig-Veda (ii, 12); they can rightly be accused of vagueness; however willing we may be to admit that this shadowy, however willing we may be to admit that this shadowy image has some effect on the romantic modern mind. But let us turn again to the Rig-Veda and we shall find poem after poem incomparably greater than anything Thompson ever wrote, and yet how clear, how imaginative, how definite, almost any extract will show. I can take the opening lines of the invocation to Ushas (the Dawn), with whom is associated Agni, the god of fire and the lightning and the sun’s beams:—

Oh, Ushas, rich in blessing, wise and bountiful, accept the song of thy devoted, thou now thou comest in the name of the birds; let thy unfinished verses whose splendor spreads all around, bring thee, O golden goddess, to us.

The holy goddess has been awakened by the songs of the sky, and her glory spreads over the fruitful worlds:—

Through Alien Eyes.
By Ezra Pound

II.

Oh, Ushas, rich in blessing, wise and bountiful, accept the song of thy devoted, thou now thou comest in the name of the birds; let thy unfinished verses whose splendor spreads all around, bring thee, O golden goddess, to us.

The holy goddess has been awakened by the songs of the sky, and her glory spreads over the fruitful worlds:—

Oh, Ushas, rich in blessing, wise and bountiful, accept the song of thy devoted, thou now thou comest in the name of the birds; let thy unfinished verses whose splendor spreads all around, bring thee, O golden goddess, to us.

The holy goddess has been awakened by the songs of the sky, and her glory spreads over the fruitful worlds:—

Oh, Ushas, rich in blessing, wise and bountiful, accept the song of thy devoted, thou now thou comest in the name of the birds; let thy unfinished verses whose splendor spreads all around, bring thee, O golden goddess, to us.
The other in Oxford Street, near Hyde Park. It was compact and beer-fed and sore-eyed and nearly blind with hunger.

These hulks were no worse to look at than many others, but they were striking in this, that they were not inert. They were not Verhaeren's *Pauvres gens aux gestes las et indigents*.

(a) The first moved swiftly, with great swings between its clumsy crutches; the second apparently slowly, yet with a recklessness that marked its movement from that of anything else in the crowd about the 'bus stop. The legs moved stiff from the hips, with no bend at the knee or ankle. Each of these things moved in a rhythm regular as a metronome's, moved by a force as unreasoning as that in a tree or a flood. The first was young; the second about forty. Neither looked to right or left. They neither asked, nor gave one time to offer them alms. They made no protest.

I think that only this twice in my life have I seen bodies completely gripped by the will.

"Of course one cannot prevent. . . ."

I don't wish to prevent anything. I am not a humanitarian, but a humanist.

The drama of life depends upon inequalities. Let us maintain them? No. They will manage to maintain themselves without our meagre assistance.

But this much any sane man can see in England as elsewhere: The present system for educating the poor was compact and beer-fed and sore-eyed and nearly blind with hunger.

The present system for educating the poor was compact and beer-fed and sore-eyed and nearly blind with hunger.

"A child should be taught in school:—"

(a) That the man who does not make something ought to starve. That if he does not make something and that if he does not make something he either will starve, or he must maintain himself by a series of shifts and dodges.

(b) He should be taught something useful. He should not be taught dabs of this, that and the other. There should be someone in the reading room to answer its questions—to answer them courteously and seriously.

(c) The three "R's" can be added, and beyond this the child should be free. It should not be in the schoolroom over three hours a day. It should be kept in the open; sent to a heath near the city for at least one day a week.

(d) It should not have poetry and literature and "compositions" made a drudgery. It should have access to books in a school library. It should be allowed to read in the afternoons, if it care to. There should be someone in the reading room to answer its questions—to answer them courteously and seriously.

I am not speaking merely from theory. I have some intimate knowledge of many processes and experiments whereby it is attempted to educate our American slums. I know their appeal and effect.

Thur, there is in Philadelphia, on South 10th Street, an institution for Italians—a church, if the name be not too misleading. During the week the children and those who are no longer children come there to learn wood-carving and modelling, and to give plays on a stage in the basement; and there is a day school. These Italians are for the most part sturdy peasants who make a living by working on railroads and as masons, or in various work of that sort. They come to the church for relaxation, for amusement; it is a decorative feature in their lives.

On the opposite corner there is an institution maintained by the Jews. Here you would find children huddled together, learning every sort of trade—shoe-making, the various specialties of tailoring, etc.

This wise and provident people, receiving its aid, became a peer. At fame like this one thrills.

But chiefly those of British blood and birth.

Then there is Fels, a man of solid worth.

The sale of soap great Lever's cash-box fills.

For title-winning is a feat of feats.

The kings of commerce with their loaded tills—

Wills' Woodbines! Poets rave of seas and hills.

From North to South his cigarettes one meets.

The sale of soap great Lever's cash-box fills.

Wills' Woodbines! Poets rave of seas and hills.

A poet once sold matches in the streets!

Became a peer. At fame like this one thrills.

Of course one cannot prevent.

"A poet once sold matches in the streets!"

I don't wish to prevent anything. I am not a humanitarian, but a humanist.

The present system for educating the poor was compact and beer-fed and sore-eyed and nearly blind with hunger.

He did indeed; fit subject for our mirth.

A poet once sold matches in the streets!

From North to South his cigarettes one meets.

Wills' Woodbines! Poets rave of seas and hills.

A poet once sold matches in the streets!

Of famous millionaires there is no dearth:

Morgan and Rockefeller, Coats, whose mills

Became a peer. At fame like this one thrills.

For title-winning is a feat of feats.

The sale of soap great Lever's cash-box fills.

A poet once sold matches in the streets!

Envoi.

Prince, poetry is paper, ink, and quills!

Byron declared reviewers killed John Keats.

But millionaires have more tenacious wills.

A poet once sold matches in the streets!

C. W.
Mr. Hyndman Resumes.*

By C. H. Norman

Mr. Hyndman is as unflinching to-day in his battle for the principles of Socialism as he was in the 'eighties. He is still standing on the old ground, but it is high in the heavens, while most of us are wearily groping our way over the plains. In Socialism is reached the pinnacle of emancipation. That Mr. Hyndman's gospel to his countrymen. The working classes can achieve their political and economic freedom, they must ascend to the heights where Mr. Hyndman planted his flag over thirty years ago. He is waiting for them, with less patience as time rolls on, but he will not budge an inch to meet them. "Here I stand, here I fall." is the motto of this most lonely figure in English politics.

The astonishing thing about Mr. Hyndman is his optimism. As one reads his comments on the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor, held in 1880, presided over by Sir Charles Dilke, counting among its members the late King, one might well grow cynical. What has been done in thirty-two years? Look around in London. How is it possible to believe in any other remedy than "à la lanterne" for the landlord class? True! we have Mr. John Burns' Town Planning Act—but the London slums will be with us half a century hence at the present rate of legislative and municipal progress.

Next there came the Royal Commission on Labour, which sat in 1892, presided over by the Duke of Devonshire, at which Mr. Hyndman, with his joyous gaiety of heart, gave evidence. Again, what progress has been made? Another twenty years have passed away, and the Committee of the Cabinet is still considering the causes of industrial unrest! Does not the capitalist class need the incentive of that admirable revolutionary instrument, the bond of the error? Mr. Hyndman gave his evidence in 1892—and, the Commissioners smiled superciliously, and asked supercilious questions. The dominant classes are no fools. They knew perfectly well that if sweating were abolished and unemployment ceased to be, the whole capitalist system would be doomed. They are eager to help the workers in their poverty but not out of the kindness of their hearts. They think it worth while to pay them a minimum wage in order to keep them alive long enough to work. They do not feel themselves to be the failure which Mr. Philip Snowden and others declare that I am. I venture to predict, indeed, that the day is not far distant when it will be considered rather odd that Messrs. Stanhope, Mitchell, Maddison, Arbuthnot, and Morrell (the quintet of victors at Burnley)—not one of whom has ever said, or done, or written anything which I can remember,—or would remember if he could—should all have been preferred to me as the Parliamentary representative of Burnley.

It is a good parting shot at his foes. The queer thing is that the mind is not struck by the arrogance of this sentiment, but by its truth! This, also, is straight hitting to those who know the man. "Maddison himself was always right to the front when there was any specially dirty work to be done." Mr. Hyndman recounts a curious warning he received from a working man of some ability named Mottershead, who was employed by the Liberal caucus:—

Whatever you do, Mr. Hyndman, never trust a working man who gives up his trade for politics. He is bound to be a coward. The prayer went unheeded, and the peersmen have been all his life amongst the most thoroughly abhorrent of all the Reform measures. He was as serenely confident of himself as any other man who gives up his trade for politics. He is bound to be a prophet of evil; but how true a prophet no one could have dreamed. St. John, incident in conjunction with Mr. Hyndman's description of the enthusiasm invoked by the election of the Labour Members in 1906. He attended the great meeting of congratulation and jubilation in the Herculanean Hall. It was grand for me to be there. I shook hands with everybody. I told all the world what splendid fellows they all were, I joined heartily in the congratulations. I even delivered a speech of almost embarrassing effusiveness that I look back upon with pride to this day. It is pleasant at times to make a fool of oneself. I hereby register my conviction that I did it most thoroughly that night.

The following quotations need no emphasis or elucidation by comment:—

The very same men who keep out on strike on starvation wages, who fight against tyranny, who are honed by police and coerced and shot down by soldiery, who denounce their employers as swasters and slave-drivers—these identical men return to Parliament to represent their political, social, and economic interests, Mr. D. A. Thomas, the head of the Cambrian Combine, whose injustice has forced them to strike! Can anything possibly be more imbecile?

This remark is based on the last dock strike:—

It was natural that the strikers should attack the "blacklegs"; but as starvation and misery spread all round them and the horrors of the situation became more acute, I wondered—yes, I wondered, why they confined their assaults to members of their own class.

Well may we members of the middle class be amazed at the action of men like Crooks and his colleagues in denouncing the outburst of Ben Tillett against Lord Devonport. Had the Labour Party been men of spirit and enthusiasm invoked by the election of the Labour Members in 1906, they might have demolished Lord Devonport; but, as the old monks knew, the Almighty does not love cowards. The prayer went unheeded, and the peerless grocer can still build his castle of sugar and sand.

Let us hope the workers will eventually learn this lesson:—

The truth is that a wage-earner is only a man when he votes for himself and his class, or when he fights for himself and his class.

That is the proclamation that each workman should nail over his mantelpiece, vice portraits of Queen Victoria and King George.

Mr. Hyndman retells the story of Samuel Plimsoll's protest in the House of Commons against its indifference at the iniquity of the coffin-ships. That matter has again assumed public importance, as Mr. Lloyd George has swept away the Plimsoll Line. The allegation in this book is specific. Sir Walter Runciman, who may not have foreseen a certain private meeting at the Chamber of Commerce some years ago, could confirm it, if he chose:—

"The whole waterside declares against the raising of the Load Line. I know of my own knowledge that it was pointed out to Mr. Lloyd George direct, and to the Liberal Cabinet as a whole, that the raising of the Load Line would inevitably entail the loss of hundreds, if not thousands of sailors' lives on the overladen vessels.... The Load Line was raised, the sailors were sacrificed, and all is well for the moment. How is it, however, that Mr. Lloyd George, the friend of the people, initiated this change? How is it the Liberal Party supported it? How is it...
the Tory Party did not oppose it? Why did the Labour Party acquiesce in it? And how does it come about that from that day to this, the whole capitalist class has been in a conspiracy of silence about it, and has suppressed all discussion upon it? These questions seem to me to call for an answer." These are direct interrogations which the 'Westminster Gazette' could not stomach. Perhaps Mr. Lord Milner's summary of Milner's character is very piquant to know his opinion of the Kaiser's telegram to President Kruger, for Mr. Hyndman has no love for the Kaiser, but all in vain. It is piquant to know the Kaiser's telegram to President Kruger, for Mr. Hyndman has no love for the Kaiser, but all in vain.

In the chapter on the South African War, Mr. Hyndman can claim to be the first person who has summarised the real character of the Jameson Raiders:—

Mr. John Burns once stated, a propos of the Akbar Milnery, for Lord Milner has no love for the Kaiser, but all in vain.

Emphasis is laid upon the Jewish peculiarities of Mr. Hyndman, who expresses some mystification at Labby's not pressing for the truth in the Jameson Raid Inquiry. The astute Mr. Labouchere and the other members of the Committee, especially Mr. Maurice Hewlett, wrote them knew this quite well. Mr. Hyndman, who expresses some mystification at Labby's not pressing for the truth in the Jameson Raid Inquiry. The astute Mr. Labouchere and the other members of the Committee, especially Mr. Maurice Hewlett, wrote them knew this quite well.

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Milner is a discredited shadow. Mr. Garrett, Mr. Monypenny, and Mr. Moberly Bell, the three journalists chiefly concerned in falsifying the South African investigation, have been dispossessed away. Ill-luck has pursued the Unionist Party ever since the war. The hand of fate has fallen heavily upon the active participants. Various catastrophes have punished the minor conspirators. It is an imposing active participants. Various catastrophes have imposed on those malefactors who imagine their station for their crimes.

The chapter on "Bernard Shaw and the Fabian Society" contains one of the most ingenious criticisms of Mr. Bernard Shaw that I know. Singularly enough, Mr. Hyndman has fallen into the vulgar error of regarding Mr. Bernard Shaw as "the poseur-in-chief of our period." That is a hard judgment. I have known Mr. Bernard Shaw for some years, and Mr. Hyndman also. To my mind, there is no substance in this aristocratic, against Mr. Bernard Shaw. One might as well posthumously Mr. Hyndman! There is the element of mockery in Mr. Bernard Shaw's character, combined with that laughing gaiety of spirit which compels men to support their wives, irrespective of whether they can do so, or be imprisoned as the penalty, has been rendered very harsh by the competition of unmarried women. If women are going to get economic equality with men, the right to marital maintenance must go. That is the crux of the feminist movement.

"Virtue and Christian property marriage are always and always have been based upon prostitution," says Mr. Robert Bourlie, adding, "there is no similar class or section among men." Women of the fairly well-to-do classes are the barrier against
which the waves of public opinion on prostitution are disintegrated. What the moral difference is between a woman who marries merely for a home, or for life maintenance, and a prostitute I never could see. The profession of prostitution is a sexual relationship. The economic link is wholly immoral. How it will be possible to carry the economic reforms of Socialism against the parasitic married and single women vote, if the women are enfranchised, no Socialist has ever explained to me. The agitation, Mr. Hyndman says, desirous of extending it to all assaults on women and children. Flogging is bad, because it sets up a tendency to their commission. The White Slave agitation produced a powerful article by Mr. Shaw on the responsibility of the whole community for the traffic. That article was criticised by Mrs. Adelaide Langevin, the most melancholy figure of our press. Mr. Hyndman, he has never wavered from his path, nor compromised with his beliefs.

Views and Reviews.

To judge a writer by a translation of his work is usually regarded as unfair, but, as one thinks that praise of a work read in translation is improper, the objection is negligible. There are cases where the translation is superior to the original as literature: Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam is one example; the New Testament, which Swinburne said was translated from canine Greek into divine English, is another; it is only in the case of modern writers that we are asked to believe that of the ineffable glory of their writings the half has never been told by translators. But the matter can usually be translated adequately, and the manner is not beyond reproduction in another idiom; and an authorised translation, which presumably is approved by the author, provides sufficient material for the critic. For matter and manner are the only things on which we can pass judgment, which are amenable to objective consideration; the impression that is created is naturally subjective and beyond the reach of criticism, and is complicated not only by its psychological variety, but by its common quality of inarticulateness. Let us deal with what we know.

Pierre Loti is noted for his "charm," a word which, when used by an English critic, means "je ne sais quoi"; but it may well be asked why that quality should recommend him to human beings. Snakes are charmed, and everyone who does not possess the gift rejoices when in their neighbourhood; but the charming of men in classical literature was a degradation. Cire, the everlasting woman, could only make swine of men; and although the modern charmer, the Pied Piper of Hame- lin, practised his skill on children (I omit the previous examples of his skill), we cannot regard the establishment of a colony of outlandish people in Pennsylvania as a happy issue of the working of his magic. Beware of charmers! would seem to be the rule; either they mean mischief, or they mean nothing at all. If they mean nothing, they are superfluous; if they mean mischief, we may learn the value of a late repentance.

Pierre Loti means nothing: in the real sense of the word, he has no charm. He has a manner, the manner of the courtier; it cannot be called style, for it shapes nothing, it reveals nothing. If he smiled, he had a smile like a silver bell, who wore cloth of silver and a worried look, who wrote a book that will never be published, that, in the opinion of Pierre Loti, was as poetical as the Bible, was "almost throughout a work of genius." Emerson says that... 

"Carmen Sylva." By Pierre Loti. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)
Wordsworth, “speaking of I know not what style, said, ‘To be sure, it was the manner, but then, you know, the matter always comes out of the manner.’” The dictum is debatable, but not in this instance; for Pierre Loti is a writer of impressions. His matter does not come out of his manner; perception is an intellectual process, and is therefore abhorrent to him. But it is manifest that the impressionist can no more avoid the statement of facts than can the more critical spectator. Matter he must have, if he is to exhibit his manner; and the fact that we get less matter from him than from the critic means, to state the case at its best, that he does not think that the truth is revealed by the facts. The effect on himself is the only criterion; and the value of impressions to us is determined by our estimate of the person impressed.

It is obvious, then, that “impressions” of people are not so much biographical as autobiographical: it is suggested to us that Pierre Loti is more interesting than Carmen Sylva. The suggestion was really unnecessary; we were willing to believe it before M. Loti told us, in his own manner, that “her bright smile haunts me still.” But, then, the sketch should have been called “Carmen Sylva” rather than “Pierre Loti,” for the facts are sometimes capable of telling the truth. Our attention is divided, when reading this book, between M. Loti’s sensibility and the subject of his monograph; and divided attention is proof of the failure of the artist. He has produced one inevitable effect, a fascinating style but two dispensable ones; for the personality that he attempts to portray is limited by his sensibility, and his own personality is not expressed but impressed. We are not satisfied in either case.

We may suppose that the facts stated by Pierre Loti about Carmen Sylva are all that he thinks necessary for the forming of an accurate judgment. Obviously he thinks that his impression is a true one, for it is unlikelier that a man who has impressed himself in one place for writing like a courtier would publish an impression that he felt was untrue. Of the facts stated, one of the most important to M. Loti was the smile of Carmen Sylva. This was no ordinary smile. It was not a spontaneous smile of pleasure, nor the calculated smile of duplicity: such as that worn by Claudius. “A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain,” said Hamlet; Pierre Loti shows that a woman may smile, and smile, and be a courtier. But, as the Queen of Roumania once said to him: “It is part of our rôle to be constantly smiling . . . like idols”; and in the face of that admission one ought to be careful about attributing any spiritual qualities to that smile. It turned the head of M. Loti, but I have already said that he was a courtier; and, as the Duke said in “My Last Duchess,” “she smiled, no doubt, where’er I passed her, but who passed without much the same smile?” M. Loti was, at least, easily flattered.

The voice was really more important, for M. Loti expresses an artistic appreciation of the literary work of Carmen Sylva. Her voice, it seems, was pure music—music as delightful and fresh as it was instinct with youth. I do not think I ever heard the sound of a voice that could compare with hers, that I ever listened to anyone reading with like charm.” Poor M. Loti, how lucky you were that she did not read your work to the Fox, if, when she read your work, you could not recognise it, the French Academy might have offered its membership to someone else. Beware of these “fairies” who so transfigure your work that it cannot be recognised by yourself; and if you have a book of a judgment as a work, let them read it to you! The warning was given to him by the secretary of Carmen Sylva. “On the morrow of my arrival,” he says, “her Majesty had expressed curiosity to what I thought of a certain German poem, unknown to me. In the course of a private conversation, her secretary put me on my guard: ‘If the Queen reads it to you herself,’ he said, ‘you will be unable to judge; no matter what the Queen reads, it always appears delightful—like the songs she sings—but if you take up the book afterwards, to read alone, it is not at all the same thing, and you are often completely disillusioned.” Poor M. Loti was called upon to express an opinion of a work that the maids of honour declared was superior to the Christian revelation. The Queen read the “Book of the Soul” herself, with every circumstance of charm; lying in a gondola on a lagoon in Venice, reading until the sun lowered his head, and admitted that his glory was eclipsed. “And to think that this book, almost throughout a work of genius, a work in which her nobility of soul shone brightest, is doubtless the one produced torn up or burned; to think that men will never read it!” Let us hope that no unkind publisher will shatter this illusion of M. Loti, and make him wonder whether he paid too high a price for a little hospitality.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS.

Paul Fleming. By Mary J. Bates. (Murray and Eyden. 2s. net.)

As harmless as a secret marriage, a baby left on a doorstep, a madman in a crypt, and a rambling style may make it.

The Chuckler’s Children. By L. Turnbull. (Murray and Eyden. 6s.)

A fervent sermon against husbands. Lady disappointed with marriage hardly bring herself to do it again. Needless to say . . .

The Red Dagger. By Hugh Nayward. (Murray & Eyden. 2s. net.)

The bandit of the red dagger is happily shot and the long-frustrated marriage is consummated. The languishing in love . . . they recline, secure in each other’s affections . . . and at their feet three bonny children toy and play. . . .

Folk Tales from Brefny. By B. Hunt. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)

Irish tales without any new-minted Irish mysteries. There are many allegories, but the editor makes no attempt to explain them, not even those that seem to need explanation, being rather older than the western hills. From first to last we felt neither a yearnor a sob nor a catch in the throat, and yet many of the stories are sanguine and tragical; and the humour is given hard as only humour is, and so it’ll not be everyone will be guessing right why the old dazzled people wouldn’t follow plain truth, though Nulagh’s child cried a thousand times itself—“Hot, hot, under my chair!”

Under the Yoke of Ivan Vazoff. (Heinemann. 6s.)

“An historical romance, not constructed by an antiquary or imagined by a poet out of vague, insufficient materials, accidentally saved from a distant past, but recorded by one who lived and fought and suffered through the scenes he sets himself to chronicle.” Thus Mr. Edmund Gosse. Alas, the poor, vague and insufficiently equipped poet of the Plad. But what a great many things Mr. Gosse seems to be saying. . . now, the which he never dreams of being obliged to stand by. Alas, Sir Walter, old antiquary! Mr. Gosse is welcome to his historical romance not constructed by an antiquary. The thing is simply a political scandal sheet, the sort of opportunistic novel we must expect shortly to find translated in dozens from the pens of Balkan patriots. Readers who, like Mr. Gosse, can even pretend to like Christianity and the Balkans painted snow-white and Islam and the Turks done with a tar-brush, should have a great time with M. Vazoff’s book. It all but opens with an account (remember this is history!) of the attempted rape of a young Christian girl by two Turks, instantly both stabbed dead by a Christian refugee from a Turkish political prison, oh, so far away, who by the mercy of Heaven had escaped, run home to his native land, and taken secret refuge in the miller’s barn.
exactly ten minutes before the entrance of the villains to rape the miller's daughter. After a terrific struggle he slew both his men, himself having been described by a Christian doctor who had passed him two hours previously and taken off his overcoat to give him a poor, cold beggar, as being "almost too weak to stand on his legs." He "accounted for the two ruffians as easily as one wrings the necks of a couple of chickens."

M. Vazoff is as full of Christian love for the Catholics as the latter are for his overcoat and marshals "of conventional life," is a mild example of his manner towards things Catholic. Among hundreds of sisters and novices in a certain convent, we find but one, fair, pure creature, who, of course, becomes the love of that opportunistic political refugee. Evidently the Bulgarian language translates with some naturalness into English cliche:

"Rada flung herself into his arms."

"You're mine," she cried.

"You're the noblest man living—you're my hero, my beloved, beautiful hero." And the young lovers clasped each other in a fond and passionate embrace.

An Anthology of Modern Bohemian Poetry.

By P. Selver. (Drane. 3s. 6d.)

Mr. Selver's work as an interpreter of Slavonic poetry is already known to the readers of The New Age. In the present volume he has collected his translations from modern Czech poets, supplied a critical introduction, and thus produced a definite and workmanlike contribution to comparative literature.

Competent critics have vouched for the fidelity and skill of these translations. Most readers will be content to judge them merely as poems, and the least that can be said for them in this respect is that they read like originals. "The life-blood of rhymed translation is this: that a good poem shall not be turned into a bad one." In the majority of his translations Mr. Selver has remained true to Rossetti's excellent principle. Here and there it almost seems that he either over-estimated the value of his original or under-estimated the rate of exchange. But as a whole the translations are successful in their attempt to maintain the quality of their originals. The introduction discusses this little-known but interesting subject from an historical and critical standpoint.

American Socialism of the Present Day. By Jesse Wallace Hughan, Ph.D. Introduction by John Spargo. (Lane. 6s.)

One of the characteristics of Socialist authors of works on Socialism is their silent partisanship in the choice of authorities. It would seem impossible to write a professionally exhaustive work on American Socialism without mentioning Mr. Herron, one of its greatest, if saddest, figures, and Mr. English Walling, its most acute friendly critic. Yet Miss Hughan has done it, and we can only judge her work in the light of so significant an omission. With the details of the various American bodies of Socialist activity (thought would be too flattering a term), Miss Hughan has taken great pains to make herself familiar. The reader will find more of the bones of the skeleton missing. But of grasp of principles, of the power to distinguish between essentials and non-essentials, of vision in the world of the Zeitgeist, we discover no trace. The reader with whom the membership of Socialist bodies has recently increased. She will, no doubt, be equally astonished if either it should continue or cease altogether. In this respect this book is likely to become, itself familiar. The reader will find more of the bones of the skeleton missing. But of grasp of principles, of the power to distinguish between essentials and non-essentials, of vision in the world of the Zeitgeist, we discover no trace. The reader with whom the membership of Socialist bodies has recently increased. She will, no doubt, be equally astonished if either it should continue or cease altogether. In this respect this book is likely to become, itself familiar. The reader will find more of the bones of the skeleton missing. But of grasp of principles, of the power to distinguish between essentials and non-essentials, of vision in the world of the Zeitgeist, we discover no trace. The reader with whom the membership of Socialist bodies has recently increased. She will, no doubt, be equally astonished if either it should continue or cease altogether. In this respect this book is likely to become, itself familiar. The reader will find more of the bones of the skeleton missing. But of grasp of principles, of the power to distinguish between essentials and non-essentials, of vision in the world of the Zeitgeist, we discover no trace. The reader with whom the membership of Socialist bodies has recently increased. She will, no doubt, be equally astonished if either it should continue or cease altogether. In this respect this book is likely to become, itself familiar. The reader will find more of the bones of the skeleton missing. But of grasp of principles, of the power to distinguish between essentials and non-essentials, of vision in the world of the Zeitgeist, we discover no trace. The reader with whom the membership of Socialist bodies has recently increased. She will, no doubt, be equally astonished if either it should continue or cease altogether. In this respect this book is likely to become, itself familiar. The reader will find more of the bones of the skeleton missing. But of grasp of principles, of the power to distinguish between essentials and non-essentials, of vision in the world of the Zeitgeist, we discover no trace. The reader with whom the membership of Socialist bodies has recently increased. She will, no doubt, be equally astonished if either it should continue or cease altogether. In this respect this book is likely to become, itself familiar. The reader will find more of the bones of the skeleton missing. But of grasp of principles, of the power to distinguish between essentials and non-essentials, of vision in the world of the Zeitgeist, we discover no trace. The reader with whom the membership of Socialist bodies has recently increased. She will, no doubt, be equally astonished if either it should continue or cease altogether. In this respect this book is likely to become, itself familiar. The reader will find more of the bones of the skeleton missing. But of grasp of principles, of the power to distinguish between essentials and non-essentials, of vision in the world of the Zeitgeist, we discover no trace. The reader with whom the membership of Socialist bodies has recently increased. She will, no doubt, be equally astonished if either it should continue or cease altogether. In this respect this book is likely to become, itself familiar.
To take Miss Tomkins to the opera
On Thursday, and I cannot put her off
(You know she's very touchy). But I hope
That you still have a pleasant time for all that.
Glyads has got the mumps, but Freddy's well
With kind regards to Cissie, Jack, yourself
And Mr. Tweed (I hope his gout is better).
Believe me, yours sincerely,

Amy Jackson.

V. Quatrains (Handbook, p. 10), advertising for an
office-boy.

Wanted, a boy, with writing neat and plain,
With character devoid of any stain.
(One leaving school preferred). Apply at once
To Messrs. Miggs, Mires & Puffin, Mill Lane.

VI. Limerick (Handbook, p. 28), advertising
agents.

A lady from Chapmans sends word
To all who have never yet heard
Of rooms that are quiet,
With liberal diet
(Bored partical or full, as preferred).

XVII. Elegies (Handbook, p. 31), explaining absence
from business.

Sir,
What a tangled life! You may have observed that on
Monday,
Empty remained my place; lonely, and bare and bereft.
Haply you marvelled and pondered upon the why and the
wherefore.
Seeing our office so mute, filled with unwonted dismay.
Pardon this dolorous missive. O may such a fate never
befall you!
Sorely afflicted am I; Destiny's sorrowing thrall.
Late on Saturday night my grandsire suddenly sickened,
Smitten with weakness of eld; yea, and on Sunday he
died.
Therefore (tho' swift it appear) on Monday morn he was
buried.
Mid his lamenting kin, after his body I rode.
Under the circumstances, I trust, sir, you will excuse me,
Ne'er shall it happen again.

Faultily yours,

Harry Higgs.

MODERN CIVILISATION.

The civillisation of the Greek Republics at their best,
the stability of the Chinese Empire (not to confuse, as did
Tullus Hostilius, inactivity with decay), the continuity
of the pastoral life of the dwellers of the Steppes, concomitant
with a lack of superficial variation, tends to the conclusion that
the stability of the Chinese Empire (not to confuse, as did
the two and a-half million members have each a voice in its industrial parliaments,
and both sexes are on an equality within its ranks.
The women here have the vote, and in this attempt to
solve a part of the wages problem, both men and women
have used the power which the organisation gives them.
Co-operators have long claimed to be pioneers of industry.
They have framed themselves into associations of con-
sumers, and in order to supply their wants have entered
upon productive enterprises. Therefore, they in their
turn have become employers. Their aim has been to be-
come model employers, and in consequence short hours,
good conditions, and wages rather higher than the market
rate, have been the rule. But the market rate for women
is deplorably low, and hence the movement in a minimum
wage arose. Its supporters drew up a scale, beginning with 5s.
at 14 years of age, and rising by 2s. a year to 75s.
at 20. This scale represents which the 15s. a week or
woman could maintain herself in decency in any part of
the country; it was based upon needs. Hence it was de-
manded that its application in the movement
Districts might pay above it, but none should pay below.

The power which co-operators possess was specially
exercised. The vote of the member in the society, and the
vote of the society in the great federation called the Co-
operative Wholesale Society, were the weapons used in
this campaign. The women brought the subject before
societies, and in these societies all members exercised
their judgment and their vote upon the matter. For
years the process has been carried on, and the decisive
step has now been taken. The movement has decided in
favour of the wage, and the Co-operative Wholesale
Society, with its factories employing 7,000 women and girls,
had adopted the scale. Packers of all kinds, jam makers,
girls who work in the clothing factories, and those who
are employed in the cardboard-box departments are now
certain, within a year, of at least a living wage.

In local societies the same policy has been adopted.
There are now 180 stores where the minimum wage is in
force. These stores are in all parts of the country, and
are carried on under very varying conditions. Yet in the
great manufacturing cities of the north, and in little
country towns of the south, the movement has taken its way, and no society which has accepted it has seen reason to regret
its action.

The movement as a whole, therefore, may be said to have
taken up a definite policy. It has determined to give
to its women employees the security of a definite living
wage. It has done so at the instance of its women mem-
ber, and it must be noted that these members are not
themselves in the vast majority of cases the workers. The
Women's Co-operative Guild, a self-governing body of
women, has fought on behalf of other women, and they have been aided by the powers which
co-operators long ago gave to them equally with men.

They have driven together with it, to grapple with
the root of most social problems, the economic question,
and both the effort and its result are land-marks in co-
operative history. That the nation as a whole will in 28,000
women, and they have been aided by the powers which
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They have driven together with it, to grapple with
the root of most social problems, the economic question,
and both the effort and its result are land-marks in co-
operative history. That the nation as a whole will in
the minimum wage is in
force. They have driven together with it, to grapple with
the root of most social problems, the economic question,
and both the effort and its result are land-marks in co-
operative history. That the nation as a whole will in
ing a few shillings to the league, promising as many more when it chose to ask for them, together with a pledge card. I lived frugally, a Socialist (a term which an aristocrat had publicly described those of our class as the excreta of society). My wife upbraided me for working with such a foolhardy attempt to defy the law. I was not a little terrified myself to be in league with such fierce people. Victory seemed impossible, the broken faith confronted me, my fortune and my person were in danger. Needing to say, I shook very considerably in my shoes. When the time of the first prosecutions drew near I would have given anything to retract, to pledge card, and play at last I received a communication from the secretary of the Littlewick Lodge of the Band of Hope, of which our one member of information was my wife, a painful duty to report to the Insurance Committee, I realised that I was not of the material that first-class martyrs are made. Summoning what remained of my courage, I seized ink and paper, and drawing the cork of a half-bottle of beer, which I drank off almost at one gulp, I wrote a defiant note. Three days later I left with my family for the north. Here amongst the Westmorland Fells, where the people do not join leagues, lick stamps, or talk about the Insurance Act, I feel so far recovered as to assure you, sir, that if you will draw up a petition to the Poor Law Board, praying Mr. Lloyd George to repeal the Act, I will give you my signature.

It has happened upon many occasions to decide the workers for throwing down their tools and listening idly to the mouthing of their leaders until starvation purged them of such that then submitting more quarterly than before to the yoke of their masters. If these men whom we must allow some measure of courage for having faced, and tasted of, starvation, are deserving of contempt, with what the leaders of them have written, I wonder. I read of useful names amongst those of its vice-presidents, with such an illustrious council, that it is content to let valuable months slip by whilst opposition will only lead to a few amendments that will, and indirectly do themselves a deal of good. The organiser of such a society, and who, failing in this, memorialise the Prime Minister, to its own advantage to surrender much of the power? Then, getting back to the probable names amongst those of its vice-presidents, I ask: what is the most business-like way in which we can give up much of the power that is coming to us? In my opinion it would be better for the workers to reply: that is your responsibility; that is for you to find out. In the past, you have assiduously thrown cold water on all attempts at this reform, except when you yourselves have had some of the bread of it, owing to labour upheavals. In the past you have spent, and in the present you are spending, on self-indulgence, enormous sums that turn every sane conscientious man sick; and the power which these sums command might have been spent on organising for the abolition of the evil whose results you now feel to be acute. You have organised a society, and contributed great sums of money to it, for the express purpose of opposing those who are trying to end this evil, which is the cause of the present trouble, the hunger and poverty of the people, and the physical distress of these latter; and this also means, at the expense of the nation and of the whole community. The capitalist Press seldom discusses anything so unimportant as a surrender of a bigger share of the fruits of labour to labour, unless it is driven to it by the necessity or Parish Council would be obliged to admit, if it were a surrender of a bigger share of the money on raising the wages of the poorer Government servants, and in taking over more industries from private enterprise, as Socialists wish; or to undertake some branch of industrial enterprise to provide the means for an experiment in Syndicalism. Expenditure in all of these directions would be better than enormously extravagant expenditure on the continuation of the war. The local or Parish Council would be obliged to admit, if it were public funds that were in question. What do you think of this, Mr. Editor? The idea of the workers first directing their money to the best to break some of the machinery of the State, and disable it until it listens to your demands. It is the indefensible right of every worker to make his protest that the present system is indifferent, but you are not even a minority. All which most excellent advice I do not for a moment suppose any of you will pay the slightest heed to.

W. WOOLVEN, ESQ.

STATESMANSHIP BY STRIKE.

Sir,—If the trade unions combine for strike organisation and demand, as a first basis for further reform, that the wealthy classes should cease taking so large a proportion of the wealth that is being produced, what would be the result?

The combination of labour would be too powerful to be openly laughed at. The people would try to follow their usual tactics of bringing forward some measure of reform, which in practice would not lessen the economic difference between the first-class trade union officials promise nationalisation as a means of dividing off many great sections of workers from those who have the power to strike. The poorer Government servants, as a rule, have practically no power to strike. So, unless whatever Government is in power begins by putting big increases of taxation on big incomes, and at the same time puts big increases of salary on the small incomes of those workers who are at present in Government employ; unless this is done the workers will never be so foolish as to regard a promise of nationalisation as a sufficient reason for allowing peace for long, even if their union officials promise peace.

If a reduction of the economic difference between the two classes of capital and labour be the first essential for the worker's vote to be used to any purpose worthwhile, I doubt that he must go on increasing his striking power, until things have got so hot that capital has found it to its own advantage to surrender much of its political power? Then, getting back to the probable names amongst those of its vice-presidents, I ask: what is the most business-like way in which we can give up much of the power that is coming to us? In my opinion it would be better for the workers to reply: that is your responsibility; that is for you to find out. In the past, you have assiduously thrown cold water on all attempts at this reform, except when you yourselves have had some of the bread of it, owing to labour upheavals. In the past you have spent, and in the present you are spending, on self-indulgence, enormous sums that turn every sane conscientious man sick; and the power which these sums command might have been spent on organising for the abolition of the evil whose results you now feel to be acute. You have organised a society, and contributed great sums of money to it, for the express purpose of opposing those who are trying to end this evil, which is the cause of the present trouble, the hunger and poverty of the people, and the physical distress of these latter; and this also means, at the expense of the nation and of the whole community. The capitalist Press seldom discusses anything so unimportant as a surrender of a bigger share of the fruits of labour to labour, unless it is driven to it by the necessity or Parish Council would be obliged to admit, if it were public funds that were in question. What do you think of this, Mr. Editor? The idea of the workers first directing their money to the best to break some of the machinery of the State, and disable it until it listens to your demands. It is the indefensible right of every worker to make his protest that the present system is indifferent, but you are not even a minority. All which most excellent advice I do not for a moment suppose any of you will pay the slightest heed to.
Mr. Lansbury makes some excellent points in his articles, when they heard that men of parts among us had proposed citizen-citizens, not tradesmen. The latter would reference to English criticism of the French proposal for a THD NEW AGE with my best attention. I should add that plain. I desire occasionally, however, to prove that I read have their own National Guild Assembly, an evolved form stand Guild Socialism rightly, is an assembly of represen-tatives, and means of organising the resources of the country in the means increasing its price unless there are a very large number of purchasers. There are not, I gather, a large number of purchasers, and read The New Age are not purchasers are not worth considering; whether they call themselves Socialists or not. Even to convert them would be to laden yourself with rubbish that has something to teach them, they would be the same when taught. In short, I venture to hope that The New Age will continue to be a supercilious, snobbish, snob-erades or any other variety—and to confine its exposition of Guild Socialism to its own pages, where comrades can either take it or leave it. The Socialist movement, it is true, is in a bad state, a terrible state, but comrades who are publicists blundering, Syndicalists and Socialists at they have to pay threepence for a paper that actually persecute. By such characters only a stage revolution, at most, could be made. The other reference is a little more serious, though not very much. Mr. Lansbury "of Tueday and Thursday, describes Guild Socialism (without mentioning The New Age, of course) as "very attractive." He says: "The Socialist, believes that the workers must manage industry for themselves, and that although the recently much-discussed Guild Socialism is very attractive, it should be a National Assembly, representing all productive and distructive and social services, met to discuss ways and means of organising the resources of the country in the best possible fashion." Parliament, however, if I understand Guild Socialism rightly, is an assembly of representa-tive citizens—citizens, not tradesmen. The latter would have their own National Guild Assembly, an evolved form of the present Trades Union Congress. Politics, in fact, would be purified of industry, and industry would be puri-fied of politics. Mr. Lansbury says some excellent points in his articles, though not. Guild Socialism, the "little rooms and a scullery" is not a bad satire on "Three acres and a cow." His complaint that Socialist bodies are often State-job-hunters is very sincere. No, I believe a Socialist will ever take a job outside his own trade but at least 1,000,000 ELLA, ODO, and WORKSHOPS." Sir,—Please draw the attention of your reviewer A.E.R. to the happy fact that Prince Kropokin's "Fields, Factories, and Workshops" has just been re-published in Nelson's 1s. edition—and well produced, too.

CRITICISM IN AMERICA.

Sir,—I had hoped I had got away from the American reporter and his unique faculty of misrepresenting and caricaturing his unfortunate subject; but your correspondent, Mr. George P. Scott, who sends you the cutting from the "New York Evening Sun" about me, seems to have new light brought to their door and given to them with a bonus from quick advertisers, deserve to perish in darkness. By such characters only a stage revolution, at most, could be made. The other reference is a little more serious, though not very much. Mr. Lansbury "of Tueday and Thursday, describes Guild Socialism (without mentioning The New Age, of course) as "very attractive." He says: "The Socialist, believes that the workers must manage industry for themselves, and that although the recently much-discussed Guild Socialism is very attractive, it should be a National Assembly, representing all productive and distructive and social services, met to discuss ways and means of organising the resources of the country in the best possible fashion." Parliament, however, if I understand Guild Socialism rightly, is an assembly of representa-tive citizens—citizens, not tradesmen. The latter would have their own National Guild Assembly, an evolved form of the present Trades Union Congress. Politics, in fact, would be purified of industry, and industry would be puri-fied of politics. Mr. Lansbury says some excellent points in his articles, though not. Guild Socialism, the "little rooms and a scullery" is not a bad satire on "Three acres and a cow." His complaint that Socialist bodies are often State-job-hunters is very sincere. No, I believe a Socialist will ever take a job outside his own trade but at least 1,000,000 ELLA, ODO, and WORKSHOPS." Sir,—Please draw the attention of your reviewer A.E.R. to the happy fact that Prince Kropokin's "Fields, Factories, and Workshops" has just been re-published in Nelson's 1s. edition—and well produced, too.

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hear, in the Greek anthology. Who ever thundered with a battle-axe at the gates of Troy? Did the voice of Troy proclaim the wrongs of Simmias, of Rhodes, or Pallada? Does anyone now read Propertius and the Silvae of Statius? (I bought for two soldi a precious vellum-bound copy of the latter back.) And then consider my Latin poems of the Renaissance, for whose sake I am spoiling my eyestones. Does anyone bewail the neglect into which Pigmies and Scytho-Latins' topic have sunk? Why, Sir, I could name far more interesting authors and poems at every tick of my watch!

Grant that Mr. Middleton's verse is more intolerable than Glover's "Leonidas" or Fawkes' "Ancanum." But after all that is not much.

This author moderates sensibly one's passion for the fine arts. I feel that he admired Louis Stevenson's prose and Henley's poetry. Do you think it possible? His verse is almost equal to the culture of his age—could I say less of either?

Let these verses be left in their "ostentation of obscurity." If I am wrong—and to do the "heavy politics" I ought to say I hope I am, which I am not—well, if I am wrong—"there'll come better men" to like Mr. Middleton's things. In A.D. 2200 I can imagine the white-fingered virtuoso, among his bric-a-brac and odd literary trash, handling with a bibliophile's pleasure, a first edition of these verses. But he will go no further, he will file them away in a drawer in an anthology of Esperanto translations from early twentieth century verse.

I am horribly proxim, Mr. Editor, in voicing my moral indignation; still, someone had to settle this little question finally. My letter will, of course, put an end to all discussion for the next few years, and, in the improbable event of any future interest, will naturally serve as an irrefutable precedent. 

Richard Altingdon

* * *

QUET IN VILLAGES.

Sir,—In reference to "A Villager"'s letter in your issue of the 15th, I wish to point out that dogs shall not be allowed to bark, the sound of the gramophone, church or school— is to refer her to a typical passage of misplaced chivalry, so that she refers to the attitude of the Church which would be a boon to others besides himself.

I M.D.," in the letter you kindly allow me to see before publication, sends no address. Otherwise I should be glad of advice from his obviously personal experience. Such retreats as he suggests, if they really do shut out the offensive sounds of some dogs and apparently sane people, and their bells and gramophones, would be a boon to others besides himself.

Bellloc and Nietzsche.

Sir,—Miss May Gauthorpe's reference to the Nietzsche scheme of the phrase, "her proper place" puts me in an exceedingly awkward position. I remember pre- vious letters from Miss Gauthorpe that have appeared in your column, but I have not the faintest idea of her views. Now if I do not answer her query I am guilty of discourtesy, while a reply on Nietzschean lines may possibly put an end to all discussion for the next few years, and, in the improbable event of any future interest, will naturally serve as an irrefutable precedent.

Richard Altingdon

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THE METHODS OF MR. BARKER.

Sir,—I have read with interest the letters of Mr. Herman Ould and Oliver Cowley. These correspondents demand an alternative to the present system of play "producing." The alternative to Mr. Barker's system is quite simple—acting for actors. I advise that actors should insist upon the distinction between acting, as an art, and "acting," as grammophones, and this is our main difficulty. The first thing that we must do is to show that such a distinction exists.

All that I attempted to indicate in my article was the mechanical tendency of modern "intellectual" producing, and its evil effect upon the actors. If they are reluctant to realise what is happening to them, and enjoy Barkerised, that is their own unconscious misfortune, not mine. I wish to concentrate upon acting as an art; not upon complacent human discs. Modern actors have, apparently, lost consciousness altogether of what they should, as artists, be supremely conscious. I am, therefore, under the deplorable necessity of defining "acting" for them. Acting is the art by which actors express (not reproduce) through the medium of their own emotions, the emotions which are suggested to them by the written word of the dramatist. A genuine actor could never play "Hamlet" exactly the same twice. But Mr. Barker could teach him how to play it exactly the same for ever—or until he became insane. Let the enthusiasts visit the "Savoy" for three weeks without missing a single performance. If that does not make them hopeless. The modern "intellectual producer's" definition of acting would be something like this:—"Acting is the means by which actors, not over intellectual beings, are enabled, by a process of stiff, it is the word which Barkerised, is kept by man in the necessary state of dependence. "Man," says his Zarathustra, "is made for war, woman for the diversion of the warrior." What Nietzsche does is to attack the most strokes of his philosophical hammer is the emancipated woman and her male supporters, or rather the combination of Protestantism, democracy and industrialism which has produced these types. He terms Nietzschean: "a fatally different ideal for woman" (i.e., different from that of man), "something eternally, necessarily feminine."

P. V. CORN.

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JOURNALISM AND A TRADE UNION.

Sir,—Certain correspondents of The New Age have recently pointed out the "distressing need of a genuine trade union" for journalists. I wish very much that their plea would result in a discussion which might, at any rate, pave the way for possible action.

The National Union of Journalists has not only, as "X.X.X." points out, gone out of its way to heap fulsome compliments on Lord Northcliffe, in gratitude for an ordinarily civil note from that gentleman, declining the pleasure of dining with the members of the Union; but it appears to regard Mr. Lloyd George (who did accept the invitation, and was duly photographed with the ineligible "P. W. W."—"a sort of symbolical composition) as a 20th century knight-errant, sent by Heaven to the succour of obscurexious pressmen.

A northern branch of the Union had the courage to send in a resolution to a last annual conference, urging that the Union be affiliated to the Trade Union Congress. The Union's resolution was, of course, not carried. The more singular fact is that any such association with common working people was too much for the dignity of the gentleman journalists of the Metropolis and the South. But one may at least indulge one's fancy to the extent, of conjuring up visions of a Journalists' Union, affiliated to the Trades Union Congress, being requested by its fellow wage- slaves to see to it that only unrejudiced report of events, appearances upon any part of the country and men appeared in the public Press; or in even wilder moments, one might even conceive of a Journalists' Union taking such some action on its own account! 

A Member of the N.U.J.
Ainley "act" in the "Winter's Tale" was when he took small liberties with Mr. Barker's instructions and expanded beyond the arbitrary boundary which his "producer" had drawn about his emotions. Every true artist desires to surpass himself; to vary his methods; experiment; respond to what he feels; to be free of fetters. When Mr. Ainley took liberties with his part, the effect was electric, he raised the scene to a higher level, and with it his fellow artists. But Mr. Barker, very consistently, calls a rehearsal a rehearsal and does not happen, and in his gentlemanly detail, goes carefully over the little "bits" which have been tampered with. Various intonations upon certain words which the producer had pressed, again insisted upon; movements which have "got loose" are re-adjusted, and the scene "pulled together." In the modern "intellectual" play a producer like Mr. Barker is a necessity. The "intellectual dramatist," as John Francis Hope has proved, does not create "characters," he creates attitudes to life, via talk; he deals in masks, not souls. The "producer" of Mr. Barker's school has arisen from the necessity of teaching actors how to present plays that are not drama. They now have the impertinence to extend a method which is indispensable to Shaw and Galsworthy, etc., to Shakespeare—a dramatist! I am sorry that Mr. Ainley has got into this circle. His performances in "Paul and Francesca" gave me reason to hope that he would become a classic actor. If the "intellectual producer" becomes general we shall have no more classic actors. Artists can only thrive and perfect themselves in one atmosphere—that of freedom. I often wonder what would have happened to Forbes Robertson had he, when a young man, fallen into the hands of Mr. Barker. As a victim of the "boss"' disc (for I have been produced 'more than once by the Barker method), I fully agree with "An Actor." The artist (sic) in a Barker production is nothing more nor less than an automaton; a thing moved from behind by the wires which are manipulated by Mr. Barker.

Sticks! If he is so struck with his own conception, let him rent a theatre and give it material form, but while he is engaged as a salaried actor at someone else's theatre let him busy himself to be an efficient actor, no more. The author may know what he wants, or he may not. The author should be in a captious mood, it must be placated—brought round somehow; that is "An Actor's" high idea of the art to which he has elected to minister. He actually states that latitude should be allowed to an actor to alter his "business" according to the temper of his audience—but this cannot be taken seriously.

The burden of this writer's plaint is that Mr. Barker imposes his own conception of the play upon the actors regardless of their individual conceptions. "Imagine," he writes, "an actor suggesting that he, a mere actor, knows something about the character..."
PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG.